A Southern Sketch-Book through Old Sussex

A. Leonard Summers

Cowdray. The ruins from the Bridge.

Lullington Church. One of the smallest Churches in England.

A SOUTHERN SKETCH-BOOK

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Church Street, Steyning.
Old Grammar School on the right.

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A SOUTHERN SKETCH-BOOK

THROUGH OLD SUSSEX FROM LEWES TO CHICHESTER

Written and Illustrated
BY
A. LEONARD SUMMERS
Author of *A Thames-Side Tour*, etc.

With a Note on
JOHN SPEED AND HIS MAP OF SUSSEX
BY
PRESCOTT ROW

THE HOMELAND ASSOCIATION LIMITED
37 & 38 MAIDEN LANE
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A SUSSEX HAZEL COPSE IN SPRING

PEOPLE who wander about our English countrysides delighting in the loveliness of what they call wild nature seldom, I think, realize how little of what they see is true wildness, and how much is due wholly—or in part, at least—to the agency of man. These hazel-woods where, earlier in the year, the catkins hung in the purple branches like a drift of emerald rain, were planted by human hands ; and so the shade was created without which the primroses and anemones and violets could never have reached their present riotous profusion. And here again man steps in, and shows us something that nature cannot show us—the beauty of gloom-loving flowers under the full glory of sunshine. For there comes a time in the life of every hazel-plantation when the undergrowth must be cut, whereupon this miracle happens, such as lies now before us.

Here and there in the vast clearing stood an oak-tree that cast an oval of violet shadow beneath ; but elsewhere there was nothing but a sea of blossom—yellow of primrose, and pure white of anemone, tender blues and purples from a score of other growths, that year after year had seen nothing but the green woodland twilight ; and now, by a stroke of the billhook, had been translated into broad day.

From "Tansy," by Tickner Edwardes.

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Introductory

THE aim of the writer in preparing the present volume has been to link together the principal places of interest and beauty round and about the South Downs—that wonderful chain of hills extend-

Patcham Mill.

ing for over fifty miles through the county of Sussex into Hampshire—calling particular attention to so many things of importance and general interest rather off the beaten track and less known to the

average tourist than those fully described in previous topographical works, with pen and pencil by various writers, who have hitherto omitted much that is picturesque and of the choicest natural beauty.

Of the glorious Downs themselves, very few of the millions who visit such popular resorts as Brighton, Worthing, Hove or Bognor know anything ; and they know still less of minor villages and the associations forming part of the life thereof. Indeed, it is obvious that a mere visit, or tour, is insufficient to initiate the student of Nature in a proper appreciation of the mysterious fascination and strange charm of the free and open Downs ; he must have lived among them, inhaled their pellucid air, the scent of their wild flowers; felt their strong, invigorating breezes, experienced the refreshing delights of their soft, springy turf, and have explored their innumerable valleys and villages, ere he begins to grow enthusiastic.

In this connection, it is interesting to quote the expressions of some prominent authors on the subject, who, like the present writer, have lived amongst them and know them thoroughly.

Richard Jefferies, who was born on the edge of a down country, visited the Sussex Downs often, died at Goring and is buried in the cemetery at Broadwater, near Worthing, wrote :

The glory of these glorious Downs is the breeze. The

A Cottage, Fishbourne.

air in the valleys immediately beneath them is pure and pleasant; but the least climb, even a hundred feet, puts you on a plane with the atmosphere itself, uninterrupted by so much as a tree-top. It is the air without admixture. If it comes from the south, the waves refine it; if inland, the wheat and flowers and grass distil it. The billows of the atmosphere roll over it. . . . Discover some excuse to be up there always, to search for stray mushrooms, or to make a list of flowers and grasses; to do anything, and, if not, go always without any pretext. Lands of gold have been found, and lands of sweet spices and precious merchandise; but this is the land of health.

And William Harrison Ainsworth was no less a lover of our Sussex land:

No breeze so fresh and invigorating as that of the Sussex Downs; no turf so springy to the feet as their soft green-sward. A flight of larks flies past us, and a cloud of mingled rooks and starlings wheel overhead. Mark yon little T-shaped cuttings on the slope below us. Those are the snares set by the shepherds for the delicious wheatear, our English ortolan. The fairies still haunt this spot, and hold their midnight revels upon it, as yon dark rings testify. The common folk hereabouts term them the Pharisees, and style these emerald circles 'hag-tracks.' Why, we care not to inquire. Enough for us, the fairies are not altogether gone. A smooth, soft carpet is here spread out for Oberon and Titania, and their attendant elves, to dance upon by moonlight; and there is no lack of mushrooms to form tables for Puck's banquet.

Ainsworth might have added that, among other birds lending animation to the scenes, are the strong and graceful seagulls, flocking in thousands over the broad fields, and mingling in striking colour-contrast with the rooks.

The love of Sussex has shown itself in the verse

of many a poet, and the county has its own anthology in *The Book of Sussex Verse*. I venture to quote from one of her most charming poets, Arthur F. Bell, who, to the sorrow of his many friends, has recently passed away :

> Go you north, south, east or west,
> The longest summer's day,
> You shall have God's foison at your breast
> And a song for all the way ;
> A song and a smile when the sun's at dawn,
> Or when the noon grows still,
> Till the evening shadows creep and cling
> From the plain to the foot of Chancton's ring,
> And the night is a blue pavilion drawn
> From hill to bounding hill.

The Sussex Downs. A scene near Alfriston.

A STROLL THROUGH THE CAPITAL

Through Old Sussex from Lewes to Chichester

A STROLL THROUGH THE CAPITAL

THE delightful capital of Sussex contains a great many more things of historic interest and attraction—though less known—than the remains of its fine and proud old castle, though the guide-book chroniclers seemingly persist in making the castle its predominant feature. Its position, on the crest of the hill, perhaps suggests this; and, of course, it was once one of the noblest of its kind in the whole country and boasted two keeps. To-day, the double gateway, two towers and a portion of the ponderous walls remain to remind us of its past glories. The existing keep houses the interesting museum of the Sussex Archæological Society and affords a splendid view of the surrounding hills and picturesque district generally.

Our first and most pleasing impression on entering Lewes is its indefinable atmosphere of antiquity, a distinct charm of its own. If one chances to come, say, from a bustling modern town such as Brighton, its near neighbour, one feels conscious of having

suddenly happened upon a place in the Middle Ages, the atmosphere of which period Lewes still tenaciously retains. And with numerous relics of the past around one, the effect is very considerably heightened without the aid of much imagination. And its antiquity is really great. Most towns are content if their earliest mention appears in the Domesday Book ; but Lewes was already aged when the Conqueror ordered that survey ! Its name comes from such a dim and distant past that the very meaning of it is shrouded in mystery. Under the Romans Lewes was evidently a centre of importance, for five great highways radiated from it, and it was closely associated with the city of Anderida—the presumed site of which is marked by the ruined castle of Pevensey.

Lewes was rich in churches during the Middle Ages, when no fewer than fourteen existed ; to-day only half that number is left. I am not sure whether this implies that the town is less religious than formerly. Two of the most interesting are St. Anne's (the oldest), beyond which stood the West Gate on the highest part of the town—this church has a fine Norman doorway—and St. Michael's, in the High Street, which has a very curious circular flint tower surmounted by a twisted spire. Near this, on the opposite side of the street, is the picturesque and quaint little Church House of St. Michael and St. Andrew (1545).

Southover House, Lewes. Built 1592, the early home of John Evelyn.

In St. Michael's Church there is a tablet with a well-known punning inscription erected to Sir Nicholas Pelham, recording his exploit in 1545, when he successfully resisted a French attack at Seaford :

The round tower of St. Michael's Church, Lewes. The spire is slightly twisted.

His valour's proofe, his manly vertuse prayse,
Cannot be marshall'd in this narrow roome ;
His brave exploit in great King Henry's dayse,
Among the worthye hath a worthier tombe ;
What time the French sought to have sack't Sea Foord,
This Pelham did *repel'em* back aboord.

The fine High Street, apart from its public build-

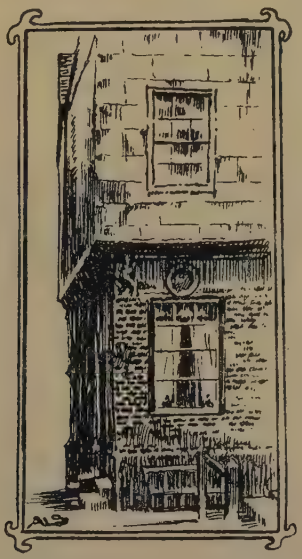
ings, contains several houses of note and particular interest, not the least of which is the unobtrusive little residence (somewhat modestly retiring in a quiet corner of Bull Lane) of Thomas Paine, a prominent founder of American Independence. Here he lived between 1737 and 1774, as a tobacconist and excise-man, and wrote his celebrated books, *Common Sense*, *The Rights of Man*, and *The Age of Reason*—the latter creating such a tremendous commotion that its author had cause to flee to France and seek security there for a time. A little farther along, going west, on the right, we come to the old Grammar School, founded in 1512 by Dame Agnes Morley—where Evelyn, the great diarist, acquired some of his early education.

In connection with Lewes, our thoughts naturally turn towards John Evelyn, the town having been the scene of his youthful days. Southover House (now called The Grange) is still there, a noble old pile, weather-mellowed and well covered with clinging creepers, and surrounded by trees and shrubs, its tall chimneys giving it a stately and dignified appearance. It is best approached through Keere Street, a picturesque, narrow thoroughfare turning off the High Street—reminding one of Clovelly in its steep descent—with a fine view of the distant downs. At the foot of Keere Street we are in that portion of Lewes known as South-

Lewes. The Church House of St. Michael and St. Andrew, High Street. (1545.)

over, and immediately on our left we see Evelyn's house.

Evelyn first lived with his mother's parents (the Standsfields) at the Cliffe, Lewes. His grandfather,



Thomas Paine's House, Lewes.

In which he wrote "The Rights of Man" and "The Age of Reason." Residing here as tobacconist and exciseman between 1737 and 1774.

John Standsfield, was buried in All Saints' Church—Evelyn calls it All Souls—where his grandmother, who was of an old Sussex family, erected a monument. The present vicar says he cannot trace this, but found entered in the register, February, 1626: "The

23 day was buried John Standfield, of Ye Cliffe, gent, ye husband of Jane, his wife." Lower, in his *Guide to Lewes* (1845), also quotes a memorial tablet.

In his *Diary*, Evelyn says (under date 1627):

> I laid one of the first stones at the building of the Church of South Malling, which was consecrated by Dr. Field, Bishop of Oxford. One Mr. Coxhall preached, afterwards minister.

He also mentions:

> It was not till the yeare 1628 that I was put to learne my Latin rudiments, and to write, of one Citolin, a Frenchman, in Lewes. . . . I was now put to schoole to Mr. Potts, in the Cliff at Lewes.

On January 7th, 1630, Evelyn went to the Free School, Southover, Edward Snatt being the master. The same year his grandmother married Mr. Newton, a learned and most religious gentleman, and they all went to live with him at Southover House. Newton built this house, 1590–1592, from materials taken from the old Priory, and the ancient Free School (mentioned as far back as 1248) stood on a site adjoining its grounds. One notable feature of Southover House is its curiously inlaid doors, removed from the Priory. Evelyn remained at the Free School until he was seventeen, when he went to Oxford. He married the thirteen-year-old daughter of Sir Richard Browne, the English Ambassador at Paris.

The remains of the Priory of St. Pancras can be seen near the railway (which passes over the site),

Keere Street, Lewes.

A charming relic of Old Sussex. Anne of Cleves' House, Ditchling.

and once formed part of the great conventual establishment, the church of which is said to have rivalled Chichester in splendour and extent. The Priory was destroyed pursuant to the policy of Henry VIII, in 1537.

Continuing our stroll along the pretty, winding road through Southover, near the ruins, is Southover Church, containing the interesting Gundrada chapel, a modern copy of Norman work erected in 1847, in which rest the remains of the Priory's founders, Earl William de Warrenne and his wife Gundrada, daughter of William the Conqueror. For some eight hundred years they laid undisturbed beneath the site of the high altar of the Priory Church, and were only discovered during the excavations for the South Coast Railway in 1845.

On the other side of the road, almost opposite Southover Church, is Anne of Cleves' House, a quaint, old-world building, with a roof of Horsham slabs, lattice-windows and stout, nail-studded oak doors. Carved in the stonework above the main entrance are the initials "I. S.," and the date 1599. This was doubtless a very commodious and dignified resort when the disconsolate and discarded queen retired there, but to-day it does duty as a tea-house! Strangely enough, Anne of Cleves' other house—a still more picturesque one, at Ditchling—is used for a similar purpose.

Close by Southover Church is Shelley House, where formerly lived the famous family of that name, and where Dr. Johnson stayed when on his way to visit the Thrales at Brighton. Some other famous residents of Lewes included Dr. Gideon Mantell, the eminent geologist, born in Lewes 1790; Baxter, the colour printer; Archdeacon Hare; Dr. Russell (founder of Brighton's prosperity); Bishop Chaloner; Harrison Weir, the artist, born there in 1824.

Around Lewes charming views greet the eye, particularly from such eminences as the famous Mount Harry (650 feet above sea) beyond the Racecourse, the site of the battle of Lewes, on May 12th, 1264. Defoe, in his *Journey through England* (1724), said:

> From a windmill near Lewes is a prospect of the largest extent I ever saw; it far exceeds that of Cleves Nimeguon, the Castle of Nuremberg, and even St. Michael del Bosco in Italy. You see south-westward the sea at thirty miles distance, and north-eastward an uninterrupted view to Banstead Downs in Surrey, of full forty miles.

From Ditchling Beacon (813 feet), six miles from Lewes, is an exceptionally commanding view, taking in nearly the whole county and a magnificent stretch along the coast from Worthing to Pevensey Bay.

Crossing the little bridge that spans the River Ouse, we pass through another quaint bit of the town, the Cliffe High Street, and Malling Street, leading to Malling.

It was to South Malling that the four murderers

Southover, Lewes. Anne of Cleves' House.

of Thomas à Becket rode after their dark deed. Stanley tells the story in the *Memorials of Canterbury*:

> On entering the house [the deanery] they threw off their armour and trappings on to the large dining table which stood in the hall, and after supper gathered round the blazing hearth: 'Suddenly the table started back and threw its burden to the ground. The attendants, roused by the crash, rushed in with lights and replaced the arms. But soon a second still louder crash was heard, and the various articles were thrown still further off. Soldiers and servants with torches searched in vain under the solid table to find the cause of its convulsions, till one of the conscience-stricken knights suggested that it was indignantly refusing to bear the sacrilegious burden of their arms.' So ran the story, and as late as the fourteenth century it was still related of the same place the earliest instance recorded of a 'rapping,' 'leaping,' and 'turning' table.

Of the interesting public buildings of Lewes, one remarks the County Hall, in the High Street, erected in 1812; the Market Tower (erected in 1791), containing the great town bell, Gabriel; and the Town Hall and Corn Exchange (formerly the Star Hotel), also in the High Street. The latter possesses a magnificent carved-oak staircase, over 300 years old, originally in Slaugham Place.

A pleasant walk of some two miles from Lewes over the downs, by a footpath in an easterly direction, leads to Glynde (derived from *glyn*, a vale), where are Glynde Place, the beautifully wooded seat of Lord Hampden, and the famous model dairy.

The tourist possessing an eye for the picturesque,

and who loves the glorious freedom of the wind-swept hills, the springy turf, the wild flowers, etc., has the choice of numerous interesting walks and good roads through the old Sussex villages between Lewes and Brighton, nestling in all their unspoilt rural simplicity and freshness among what Kipling aptly calls the "whale-backed downs." One such road is through Southover, past "The Pells" (brooks), and through Kingston, some 2½ miles from Lewes. Here traces of a Saxon cemetery were discovered; and there is a fine old farmhouse, formerly part of a grange belonging to the Priory of St. Pancras, retaining a good deal of its early architecture.

The road north from Kingston leads to the main Brighton road—beautifully wooded, and in excellent condition for either pedestrians or motorists—through the peaceful village of Falmer and past Stanmer Park, the seat of the Earl of Chichester (open to visitors on foot); or by continuing straight on and across the downs, via Newmarket Hill, Brighton is approached by the Racecourse, near which, overlooking the town, are the prehistoric earthworks on Whitehawk Hill.

Progressing southward from Kingston, on the Newhaven road, and almost parallel with the River Ouse, one passes through the villages of Rodmell, Southease and Piddinghoe to Newhaven, about 8½ miles distant. At a lonely spot on a hill between Lewes and Rodmell may be seen the unusual sight

The Pells. A river scene, Lewes.

At Falmer.

of a monument, in the form of a stone cross, enclosed by iron railings, which in its solitude serves as a landmark, though possibly intended as a warning to those with a weak heart as to the dangers of hill-climbing. It is inscribed :

John Harvey Esq. of Ickwell Bury in the County of Bedford died suddenly on this spot on the 20th day of June 1819.

LITTLE-KNOWN BRIGHTON: SOME LANDMARKS AND ASSOCIATIONS

Brighton. The North Gate of the Royal Pavilion, built by William IV in 1832.

LITTLE-KNOWN BRIGHTON: SOME LANDMARKS AND ASSOCIATIONS

DURING the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, Brighton—or Brighthelmstone, as it was then called—was a small but flourishing fishing village, and fortified to resist the frequent attacks of the French. It was bounded by the present West Street, North Street and Ship Street, the oldest of the town's thoroughfares. But its history as a fashionable resort is quite modern, beginning with Dr. Richard Russell, the Lewes physician, who proclaimed its health-giving virtues and the tonic effects of its breezes. That the place has well maintained its reputation as "breezy" Brighton is evidenced by the visitation of heavy Channel gales, which have frequently damaged the beach electric railway, and some years ago completely demolished the picturesque old Chain Pier!

To the casual visitor the "Queen of Watering Places" is represented by a marine parade about five miles long—including the adjoining town, Hove (which, however, prides itself on being a separate and

distinct municipality)—thickly studded with palatial hotels and boarding-houses ; two stately piers ; and the curious Royal Pavilion with its much-criticized domes and pinnacles, erected by that eccentric and extravagant monarch, George IV, when Prince Regent. But by getting off the beaten track, he will make many other pleasing discoveries, in the way of interesting historic and literary landmarks, quaint and picturesque architecture, and natural beauty spots little suspected to be in and around this great overgrown town. Indeed, in literary associations alone, Brighton is well off, although this fact is not generally known.

The celebrated Dr. Samuel Johnson used often to visit his friends the Thrales in West Street, at an unpretentious house whose site is to-day occupied by the Grand Concert Hall, near the sea front. Sussex House, Ship Street, Brighton, has by local tradition for many years been associated with Charles Lamb, the essayist, but there is nothing authentic to prove the connection, which has a strong hold on the popular imagination. Possibly the explanation is a confusion with Alderman Charles Lamb, Solicitor, who was Mayor of Brighton in 1876, and who formerly lived at Sussex House, and was an extremely popular personage, many caricatures of him appearing in local publications from time to time. He died on March 25th, 1890, aged seventy-four. Charles and Mary

A relic of fifteenth-century Brighton. Black Lion Lane, at the rear of the ancient Black Lion Brewery.

Sussex House, Ship Street, Brighton.

Lamb stayed in Brighton during 1816, but whether at Sussex House, as is popularly supposed, cannot be traced from records. At the eastern end of the Marine Parade (King's Cliff) can be seen the houses formerly occupied by the philosopher, Herbert Spencer (No. 4, Percival Terrace); the novelist, William Black (Paston House, Paston Place), and William Harrison Ainsworth, who lived in the stately mansion No. 5, Arundel Terrace, from 1853 until 1867, and here wrote most of his famous historical romances, including *The Tower of London*, *Old St. Paul's*, *Windsor Castle*, *The Lancashire Witches*, etc.

For those interested, I might mention that a stone's throw from Black's House in Paston Place, in the Eastern Road, stands Brighton College, impressive in its quiet dignity and delightfully situated. The College is approached by an avenue of stately tall trees, and is, of course, one of the most important local institutions. Brightonians are justly proud of it, and not without reason, for although of no great antiquity, it is prominent among England's schools for the roll of eminent men in all spheres of life who received training there. The College was established in 1845 with the object of providing a liberal and practical education in conformity with the principles of the Established Church, and was the third of the great public schools founded in the Victorian Era. It has upwards of ten acres of beautiful grounds,

and the playing field is one of the best in the south of England. The main buildings—erected in 1848, from designs by the late Sir George Gilbert Scott, R.A.—comprise school chapel, class-rooms, science-rooms, library, gymnasium, and the headmaster's house. Additional boarding-houses and class-rooms were erected on the grounds in 1885, from the design of an old Brightonian, Sir T. G. Jackson, M.A., R.A. There are also a large school hall, sanatorium, carpenter's workshop, engineering workshop, fives court, Morris-tube rifle range, etc. To mention but a few of the former students who have attained eminence, these include: Sir. E. J. Poynter, Bart., President of the Royal Academy; Sir T. G. Jackson, R.A.; Sir C. Kinloch Cook; J. S. Cotton (late editor of *The Academy*); the late H. J. Mathews, Hebrew and Sanskrit scholar (who greatly assisted the Brighton Library); Edward Carpenter, author and poet; F. C. Philips, novelist and playwright; The Right Hon. the Earl of Rossmore; General Sir William Peyton; Admiral Sir Leopold Heath; The Right Hon. H. Pike Pease; Professor Sir I. Erskine Holland; Sir Charles Elliott, K.C.S.I.; Sir C. C. Mallet; Archdeacon A. T. Scott; Canon S. G. Scott; The Right Rev. A. C. Hall (Bishop of Vermont); the Right Rev. W. Harrison (ex-Bishop of Glasgow); The Rev. F. B. Meyer; Canon Morley Stevenson; General Sir H. N. D. Prendergast, V.C., G.C.B., R.E.;

The house where Herbert Spencer lived and died, 4, Percival Terrace, Brighton.

Paston House, Brighton, for many years the residence of William Black the novelist.

General Sir A. C. Toker ; Major-General C. Phipps Carey, C.B. ; Sir Charles Boxall, Bart. ; Sir A. E. Bateman ; H. C. Woods, C.B., C.V.O., Inspector-General R.N., and a large number of other distinguished men.

Near the Aquarium, almost at the corner of Camelford Street (No. 36), is the quiet-looking little house called Eastern Lodge, which was for many years the home of that great social reformer, George Jacob Holyoake, the centenary of whose birth was celebrated at Birmingham—his birthplace—on April 14th, 1917, when the following eulogy to his memory was sent by Earl Grey in a telegram to the assembly :

> Holyoake was the architect of a great voluntary co-operative commonwealth, who had rendered greater service to our country than all the legislators at Westminster, among whom, notwithstanding three attempts, he was not considered worthy to find a place, owing to our barbarous electoral laws, which do not admit of the true representation of the people, and which shut the doors of the House of Commons against so many of our best citizens.

Brighton contains many other houses of note and interest to the topographical student, including that large house on the Old Steine, at the corner of Steine Lane (now occupied by the Y.M.C.A.), where lived the celebrated Court beauty, Mrs. Fitzherbert, favourite of George IV. It was up these broad steps that the facetious Mrs. Barrymore is said to have driven a pair of spirited horses, afterwards requiring an army of blacksmiths to extricate them ! What Mrs. Fitz-

herbert thought of the mad performance is not recorded ; most probably that lady had grown accustomed to the freakish fancies of the various eccentric personages who flourished at that period.

The Brighton of centuries ago can still be traced in some houses existing in the older portions of the town, notably in West Street, Ship Street, Black Lion Street, Middle Street, and the very picturesque " Lanes," as well as in the narrow Ship Street Gardens—the quarter monopolized by the dealers in old furniture.

At the Sea House Inn, Middle Street, Viscountess Bronte (widow of Lord Nelson) long resided, and was here visited by King William IV ; and the present King's Head in West Street stands on the site of the George Inn, where Charles II, after his defeat at Worcester, rested for refreshment on the night before his historic escape to France in Captain Tattersall's friendly little barque.

The association of the Royal Family with Brighton has been usually connected with two mansions on the King's Cliff, viz., the late Sir Edward Sassoon's, Eastern Terrace (now the hotel known as Court Royal), and No. 1, Lewes Crescent, belonging to the late Duke of Fife. King Edward VII, when a boy, spent many happy hours romping on the private lawns adjacent to Lewes Crescent and Sussex Square —rightly considered the finest square of noble buildings to be found along the whole coast.

The house of William Harrison Ainsworth, 5, Arundel Terrace, Brighton. Here he resided for many years and wrote " The Tower of London," " Old St. Paul's," " The Lancashire Witches," etc.

Sussex Street. A quaint corner of Old Brighton.

Holyoake's House, Camelford Street, Brighton.

Numerous factors contribute to Brighton's fascination, among them its exhilarating atmosphere and large share of sunshine; but not the least among its attractions are the many quaint and picturesque bits unexpectedly to be met with by lovers of ancient nooks, and old-world corners away from the beaten track.

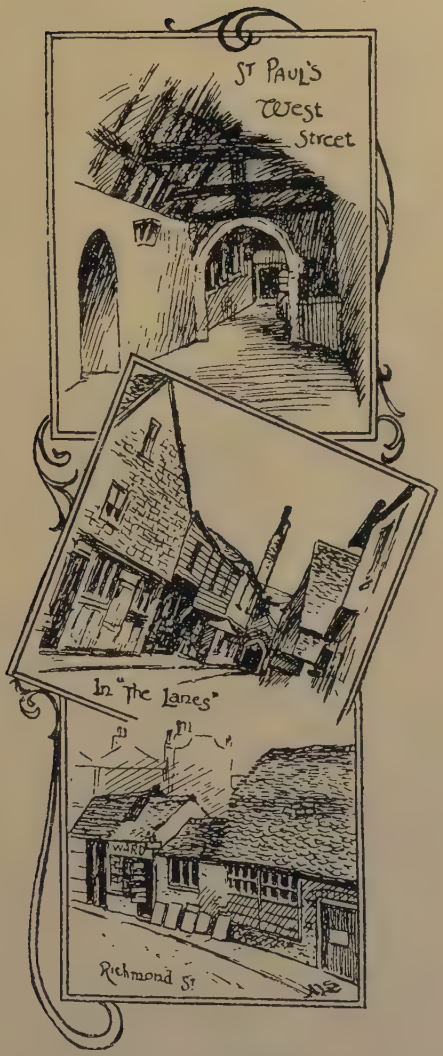
Those who admire woodland scenery have often expressed great disappointment with Brighton, which at first glance, viewed from many points, appears to be barren of trees. But in truth, happily this is not the case, for to the north of the town—perhaps a trifle too far out to be known to the majority—is Hollingbury Park, one of the most delightful surprises imaginable, where on hill and dale may be found a veritable forest of tall and stately trees, with a thick undergrowth, all in undisturbed natural sylvan beauty, cool, quiet, peaceful, and graced with countless wild flowers and birds of all kinds, "far from the madding crowd," yet within a tram-fare of the Palace Pier and the whirl of the fashionable King's Road traffic! This real beauty spot, a miniature bit, suggestive of Devonshire—about which the guide-books are strangely silent—lies parallel with the municipal golf-links, and leads, by a gradual ascent, to the free and open downs and Hollingbury Camp (prehistoric earthworks), from which, at an altitude of well over 400 feet, we glance back at the magnificent view over the town and the glistening sea.

Quite unknown to thousands of visitors to the town, a structure of stone and cement, about 60 feet in height, stands as an interesting relic of the past in Queen's Park Road, Brighton, to the north of Queen's Road, and about 400 feet above sea level. It is known locally as the "Pepperbox," on account of its suggestive shape, and is said to have been erected by that eccentric monarch, George IV. It covers a disused well, from which inhabitants of the locality formerly obtained their water supply. The well has long since been closed, and the building itself, after serving various uses—including that of a workshop for a painter—is now used as a tool house by the Corporation, to whom it belongs.

From its elevated position the tower affords an excellent point of observation for many miles around, but unfortunately it is not open to the public.

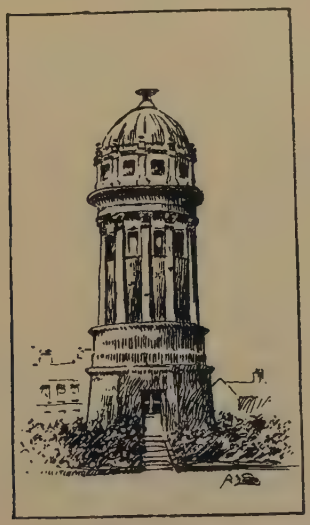
Another stronghold of the prehistoric races is situated on Whitehawk Hill, on the Brighton Racecourse (quite near to the Grand Stand), and also affords extensive views of both downs and sea. The high lands of the Isle of Wight are visible from here on very clear days; and at certain times of the year some of the most wonderful sunsets imaginable can be witnessed. The Lewes Road, also, is well wooded, particularly around Falmer and Stanmer Park, and it is kept in excellent repair for either walking, cycling or motoring.

Off the Beaten Track at Brighton. In Hollingbury Park.



Bits of Old Brighton.

Brighton can undoubtedly claim to be an "all round" resort for the invalid or the robust, with an indescribable fascination all its own. Of recent years a picturesque figure has been constantly seen about the town—to remind inhabitants of the invigorating



The Pepperbox, Brighton.

properties of the air—in the person of a veteran baronet, a hardy pedestrian, who, in spite of his great age (more than ninety), took brisk walks, without the aid of a stick, bare-headed in all weathers, and negotiated the steepest hills with the ease of a middle-aged man.

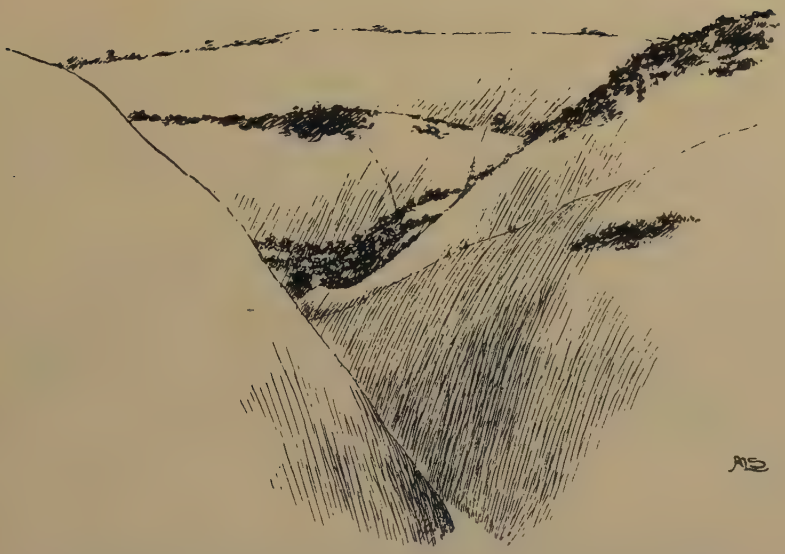
To sum up, perhaps we cannot do better than to

quote the words of Thackeray, who, in alluding to the fashion then prevailing of abusing George IV, remarked, "But what myriads of Londoners ought to thank him for inventing Brighton! One of the best physicians our city has ever known is cheerful, merry Doctor Brighton."

An exceedingly popular spot with Brighton's visitors is the Devil's Dyke, reached either by train or road, six miles north of the town. The downs here command an exceptionally extensive view of the county, and, nestling among the trees nearly 700 feet below, the sleepy little villages of Poynings and Fulking look like children's toy villages. It is an invigorating experience to stand on a fine day in the strong breeze, taking in the pure air of the downs and sea, while enjoying the magnificent landscape and velvet turf, spreading out all around one, a gigantic green carpet, studded with gay touches of heather, scarlet pimpernels and myriads of other little hardy but dainty wild flowers.

The road from Brighton to Newhaven lies along the coast, affording practically the whole way views of both sea and downs, taking in Rottingdean, some four miles from Brighton, *en route*.

Rottingdean is a very pretty seaside village well worth a visit, its chief feature being the Early English church—with traces of an earlier period. It contains a beautiful stained-glass window designed by Sir



The Downs at the Devil's Dyke, looking towards Poynings, 700 feet below.

Rottingdean.
Rudyard Kipling for many years lived at The Elms, on the left.

Edward Burne-Jones, whose body rests in the churchyard. William Black, the novelist, is also buried here, and among other distinguished residents in the village may be mentioned Sir Edward Carson. Rudyard Kipling lived for a considerable time at the house known as The Elms, which stands in well-sheltered grounds opposite the church.

The French effected a landing at Rottingdean in the time of Richard II, but were caused to retreat by the strong resistance of the Prior of Lewes.

About half a mile north of Rottingdean, off the main road, is Ovingdean, made famous by Ainsworth's *Ovingdean Grange*. This village lies in a hollow of the downs, and its church—containing some interesting evidences of Saxon architecture—looks serenely peaceful, surrounded by a mass of trees and foliage. The stately manor house is said without foundation to have sheltered Charles II prior to his departure for Shoreham, on the occasion of his memorable flight to France.

Newhaven is not in itself a striking or picturesque town, but rather an important seaport, and the interest, apart from the church with its Norman apse, centres solely in its harbour and shipping. Once called Meeching, this town derives its name from the change (through a great storm in 1575) in the course of the River Ouse, which had hitherto entered the sea at Seaford. The exiled king, Louis Philippe,

landed here in 1848, after crossing the Channel with Queen Marie Amelie, and stayed at the Bridge Hotel, in the bend of the main street.

About two miles south-east of the town, and off the road half-way to Seaford, is the village of Bishopstone, mentioned in Domesday Book as one of the Bishop of Chichester's possessions, but later owned by the Pelhams. The fine old church, of Saxon, Norman, and Early English architecture, is noted among students of architecture, and great interest is taken by antiquaries in the old Manor House. At the little village of Norton, half a mile north-west of Bishopstone, lived the Rev. James Hurdis, friend of Cowper and author of *The Village Curate* and other poems.

Returning from Norton, through Bishopstone, we enter Seaford, about a mile ahead. In ancient times Seaford was a shipping centre of much importance, but during the storm previously referred to, the Ouse burst its banks and formed a new channel, greatly retarding the town's prosperity for a long time. To-day, though not as a port, Seaford is rapidly renewing its life and becoming a growing watering-place, with good hotels and boarding-houses to accommodate the ever-increasing volume of visitors.

In the old part of the town the parish church, originally a cruciform structure, dedicated to St. Leonard, is considered a good example of Norman and Early English. The interior contains some very

The Old Church at Rottingdean. Early English with traces of Saxon work.

remarkable carvings ; and there is a tablet to James Walker, Rear-Admiral of the Red, who fought with Nelson, Rodney, Howe and others in the battle of Camperdown. At Seaford House (rebuilt 1875) Lord Tennyson was a temporary tenant.

Seaford had once an evil reputation for its wreckers, and any who fell into their hands from the perils of the sea were not to be envied. Congreve wrote of them :

> The Sussex men that dwell upon the shore
> Look out when storms arise and billows roar,
> Devoutly praying with uplifted hands
> That some well-laden ships may strike the sands,
> To whose rich cargo they may make pretence,
> And fatten on the spoils of Providence.

A glorious three-mile ramble over the Downs to the north-east of Seaford will bring the rambler within sight of Alfriston, a group of red-tiled houses lying in the valley of the Cuckmere.

It has several points of interest. The fine cruciform church was built at the time of the transition from the Decorated to Perpendicular architecture, and contains a beautiful sedilia and an Easter sepulchre. The pre-Reformation timber-built parsonage house adjoining the church was purchased in a great state of dilapidation for £10 by the National Trust, and has been put into thorough repair and preserved for the future ; it probably dates from the fourteenth century. Alfriston also possesses

a fine old inn, The Star, dating from about 1500 and ornamented with remarkable carvings. The stem of the market cross remains in the village street.

A pilgrimage should be made while at Alfriston to the tiny little church of Lullington, about half a mile farther, as it is the smallest building in which services are at present held. The building as it stands is the chancel only of the original church.

Roman Pottery found in Sussex.

The White Cliffs of Old England. The Seven Sisters, Seaford.

A Sussex Anchorage.

Alfriston. The ancient Clergy House.
An extremely interesting survival of the domestic architecture of the fourteenth century, now preserved by the National Trust.

Alfriston. The old Star Inn on the right.

SHOREHAM TO STEYNING

SHOREHAM TO STEYNING

FROM Brighton to Shoreham—that delight of artists and tourists alike—the road runs beside the sea through Portslade and Southwick, a six-mile walk; but, apart from its marine views, it is not particularly attractive or interesting, until approaching the old seaport itself, when one reaps the reward of the journey in the pleasing consciousness of coming upon a hundred old-world things of beauty and interest.

Shoreham—called New Shoreham, to distinguish it from Old Shoreham—is an ancient town, and, though small to-day, was sufficiently important to supply twenty-six ships to the fleet of Edward IV in 1346. It rose as the port of Old Shoreham, but subsequently declined in consequence of the shifting of the river's mouth.

It was here that King John landed on returning to England after the death of Cœur de Lion; and from Shoreham, as elsewhere related, Charles II embarked after the battle of Worcester. Some boat-building is still done here, as well as trade with France and the Baltic. In view of its rise in favour as a health resort the name of the town has, in recent years, been changed to Shoreham-by-Sea.

Shoreham is no longer a market town. Defoe, in his account of the great gale that swept the south of England in 1704, destroying the market house, says: "At Shoreham the Market House, an ancient and very strong building, was blown flat to the ground, and all the town shattered." At the expense of Sir Nathaniel Gould, M.P., in 1710, another house was erected, but taken down in 1823 and re-erected in East Street, near the stocks. It was again removed to a place in South Street, and finally taken down shortly afterwards, some of its stone pillars being used as lamp-posts in the present High Street.

The ancient flint and stone building, rather like a church in design, standing in the High Street, has often mystified archæologists as to its origin and former use. It is known locally as the Marlipins, and is supposed by some to have been ecclesiastical in its origin, and by others to have been one of the official buildings connected with the port in the days of its prosperity.

The main architectural feature here, as at Old Shoreham, half a mile away to the north, is the church. Both churches were founded by the Braose family, the lords of Bramber. New Shoreham church was originally a cruciform structure, Norman and Early English, and was rivalled by few in the south. All but one bay of the former nave has disappeared,

Shoreham. From the River.

The Norfolk Suspension Bridge, Shoreham-by-Sea.

and fragments of its walls are now seen in the churchyard. The pier arcade of the choir is very lofty, noble and imposing; and the stately central tower contains some fine Norman windows; the lower storey dates from 1130. In the sixteenth century a most interesting Norman font of Sussex marble was discovered beneath the wall of the old nave. Swinburne's lines on the church have often been quoted:

Strong as time, and as faith sublime,—clothed round with shadows of hopes and fears,
Nights and morrows, and joys and sorrows, alive with passion of prayers and tears,—
Stands the shrine that has seen decline eight hundred waxing and waning years.

. . . . . .

Aisle and nave that the whelming wave of time has whelmed not or touched or neared,
Arch and vault without stain or fault, by hands of craftsmen we know not, reared
Time beheld them, and time was quelled; and change passed by them as one that feared.

At the top of the Shoreham High Street, to the left, is the graceful suspension bridge erected by the Duke of Norfolk in 1833, and still the property of his descendants. Across the bridge passes the main Worthing road, via South Lancing; but the more interesting and picturesque route is by the Steyning road, turning north from the High Street, past the charming old wooden bridge and through the old village. By this route we cross the little bridge spanning the River Adur and secure fine views of Old

Shoreham and its pretty thatched cottages, its old cruciform church, Norman throughout, and to the north, on the hilly background, the dignified buildings of Lancing College.

Winds are glancing from sunbright Lancing to Shoreham,
Crowned with the grace of years.

Traversing this route to Worthing—about seven miles distant—we pass, in a bend of the road beside the aviation gound, a famous smugglers' inn, called The Sussex Pad. The original inn was destroyed by fire, but the present inn, a larger building, is of the same style and occupies the same site. The countryside here, in pleasant contrast to that left behind, is delightfully wooded, right on through the pretty villages of North Lancing (with its charming old timbered and thatched cottages), Sompting and Broadwater—or by West Tarring, if taking a slightly longer route.

Sompting Church has a famous Saxon tower and gabled spire, but the nave and chancel are of twelfth-century work. This, one of the most interesting of English churches, was at an early date granted to the Knights Templars. Part of the manor belonged to the Abbey of Fécamp, and the present manor house, close by, is still called "Sompting Abbotts." Here Queen Caroline once resided for a time.

Rather less than two miles ahead, and little more

The Church, Old Shoreham.

Sompting Church. Considered the best example of a Saxon Spire in the country.

than a mile from Worthing, is Broadwater. Its fine old Trans-Norman cruciform church, with low, central tower, is about the same date as that at Steyning, and exceedingly rich. It contains a conspicuous brass of John Mapleton, chancellor to Joan of Navarre, 1432; also elaborate tombs of the Lords de la Warr, dating from 1526 to 1554. Offington, the ancient seat of the Lords de la Warr, stands about half a mile west of the village. Richard Jefferies is buried in Broadwater Cemetery.

An alternative trip out of Shoreham, had we continued on past the old village and bridge, instead of crossing the Adur, would have been by the road to the north which runs almost alongside the river, through the picturesque villages of Upper Beeding (where is a typical old Sussex inn—Ye Old King's Head—with heavily-beamed rooms and quaint windows, giving an old-world atmosphere to the place) and Bramber to Steyning. This is an equidistant and, to some, even more interesting and preferable excursion. Timber-framed and thatched cottages abound; and at Bramber there are the creeper-covered ruins of the castle erected by William de Braose, of which, however, only fragments of the keep remain. During the Civil War, Bramber Castle was taken and held at intervals by both Royalists and Parliamentarians.

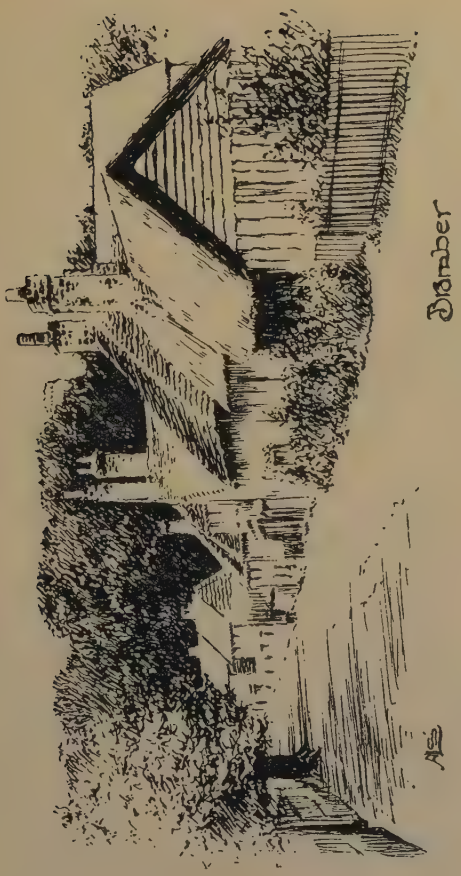
About a mile from Bramber is the village of Stey-

ning, almost as reposeful as its neighbour, though much larger and more important. Its long street includes interesting old-fashioned inns reminiscent of the coaching days, the Grammar School, founded in 1614, and many half-timbered houses to delight the eye. According to tradition, as we learn from the Sussex legends, the place owes its origin to St. Cuthman, who settled and died here.

A little off the main street, standing among the trees, is Steyning Church, built about the middle of the twelfth century, and a noble specimen of late Norman architecture, with a magnificent nave, and pillars almost as tall as those of a cathedral. It occupies the site of a Saxon church, in which St. Cuthman and King Ethelwulf, father of Alfred the Great, were interred.

Of this Saxon church not a fragment remains, but the legend of St. Cuthman is so odd, that the oft-told story might be told again. Mr. F. G. Brabant has abridged the following version from Mr. Baring Gould's *Lives of the Saints:*

> One day, when Cuthman was feeding his father's sheep, he was hungry, and as there was no one else to guard his flock when he went to dinner, he drew a circle round them with his staff, and said, "In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, I command you sheep not to transgress the bounds I have drawn." Wonderful to relate, the sheep obeyed his command. After the death of his father, Cuthman was forced to go forth into the world to seek work, taking with him his aged mother in a sort of wooden barrow drawn by a rope. Once when the


Bamber
Ae

rope broke he repaired it with a bough from an elder tree, for which he was jeered at by some haymakers in a neighbouring field. Suddenly a pelting storm of rain descended and spoilt all the hay. At Steyning the rope broke again; and Cuthman understood that this was to be the place of his rest.

First he built a hut and laid his mother in it; then he set about building his church single-handed. The people round about, seeing that he was a holy man, supported him and his mother and gave him two oxen to carry stones. One day, these oxen were seized by two young men, on which Cuthman compelled them to draw his cart instead of the oxen. When the church was nearly finished, he was troubled to find one of his wooden pillars was bent, but was taught how to straighten it by a stranger of a grave and beautiful aspect, who, when asked his name, answered, "I am Jesus to Whom thou buildest this house," and so vanished.

St. Cuthman, in spite of his miracles, does not however appear to have been a popular English saint and finds no place in the late Mr. Francis Bond's *Dedications and Patron Saints of English Churches.*

An interesting and extended walk (about two miles) may with advantage be made from Steyning, by way of Wiston, to Chanctonbury Ring, the ancient stronghold, from which height glorious views of the county are obtained.

By a footpath in a northerly direction from the Ring, we enter Washington village. At the Conqueror's survey this manor was more extensive than the parish, covering more than 6,000 acres. It formed part of the possessions of the powerful Braose family.

It passed to the Norfolk family later, until the death of John, Duke of Norfolk (period of Henry VII), when it was granted to Thomas, Lord de la Warr.

Lancing College and Chapel.

Of the college and buildings, the most noteworthy is the chapel—an exceptionally fine piece of modern Gothic architecture. Commenced in 1868, the work has been carried on continuously by a handful of men in the true medieval spirit. As funds permit, stone is cut from the college quarries and the work advances a further stage. Though opened for wor ship in 1911, the chapel is still unfinished.

The ancient wooden bridge at Old Shoreham.

St. Mary's, Bramber. A fine example of Sussex half-timbered house.

WORTHING TO CHICHESTER

WORTHING TO CHICHESTER

THERE is more of real interest in the surroundings of Worthing than actually in the town itself, which is an ordinary quiet and very pleasant modern seaside residential town, with no conspicuously outstanding feature, except it be, perhaps, the extraordinary abundance of trees in almost every thoroughfare, business as well as residential, which certainly lends a distinct charm to the roads, pleasing to the visitor and resident alike. Owing to its equable climate, the whole district is exceedingly fertile, and is universally known as a first-class fruit-bearing centre; in fact, Worthing claims to possess about fifty miles of greenhouses where tons of grapes and tomatoes are grown.

The town as it exists to-day is all quite modern, and first came into prominence when visited by the Princess Amelia, daughter of George III, in 1797, and shortly afterwards by the Princess Charlotte and Queen Caroline, though apparently the place was at that time in a somewhat neglected condition, for a local poet a few years later wrote of the town:

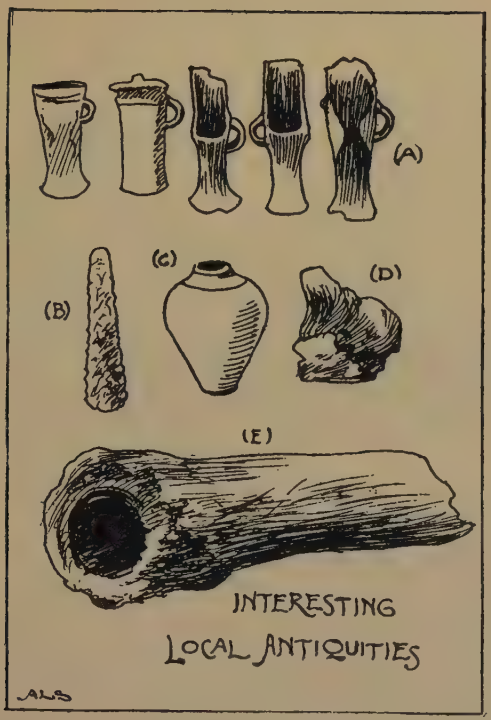
It hath been much improved of late
By public acts and other deeds;
Purged of its nuisances and weeds,
Adorned with many a structure fair,
Well planned for pleasure, health and air.

Evidently about this period Worthing began to take itself seriously in hand and "pull itself together" with a view to the attraction of visitors, and after the rather lavish patronage of Royalty, had something substantial to work upon. Hence at the present time we see it spick-and-span, scrupulously clean, and in all the glory of its fine avenues of shady trees, so inviting during the hot summer months when its season is in full swing.

Of its ancient history little or nothing is known, save that it was a sort of stepdaughter to its near neighbour, Broadwater, and cultivated the fishing industry. To-day Broadwater—about one mile north—is but a village suburb of Worthing! Thus does time play strange pranks with places. That the Romans used the spot is pretty conclusive from the interesting relics discovered there at different times and now preserved in the local museum.

Worthing holds the record of English towns for sunshine, I believe, and its congenial climate is largely due to the fact that nature has protected it with an amphitheatre of hills on its northern outskirts, formed by the beautiful South Downs. Little wonder, therefore, that it is an ideal district in which to

At Worthing. A Peep in the Park.



In Worthing Museum.

A. Bronze Celts, found near Ham Road, 1877.
B. Flint Axe, c. 1800 B.C., found at North Worthing.
C. Roman Pot, found on site of Museum.
D. A natural freak, stone embedded in wood.
E. Ancient wooden water pipe, dug up near the Tabard Inn, Southwark.

At Broadwater, near Worthing.

grow grapes, nectarines, strawberries, apricots, figs, melons and other choice fruit for which it has become famous.

But, as previously stated, the environs make the greatest appeal to our fancy. Broadwater, with its ancient church, invites a visit; whilst we feel positively compelled to turn our steps towards the delightfully pretty village of West Tarring, a trifle over a mile north-west of Worthing, approached by a peaceful footpath through the orchards off the Tarring Road. On the way we pass rustic homesteads with thatched roofs, and the old church nestling among the trees. Then we come to Tarring Church, with its perky weathercock perched upon the spire. Among some interesting memorials in its pretty churchyard, we note the following quaint lines:

Here lieth the bodie of John Parson, the only sonne of William Parson, of Salvington, who was buried the fowerth day of March, 1633.

Youth was his age;
Virginity his state;
Learning his love;
Consumption his fate.

Tarring Church is partly Early English, and has a lofty nave, a striking feature of which is the modern mosaic work executed by Italian artists. The chancel—containing an Early English piscina—and tower date from about 1450. Since A.D. 941, Tarring has been a "peculiar" of the archbishops of Canterbury.

Near at hand is the palace of the Archbishop of Canterbury; not at all a palatial building, truly, but a solidly-constructed, low edifice of heavy brick and stone, with buttressed walls and gothic windows, in general appearance like a small, private chapel. It is well worn and mellowed by time, and its stout roof looks somewhat the worse for wear. Adjoining are the celebrated fig gardens, in which one particular tree is singled out as having been planted by Thomas à Becket himself.

Tarring village contains several picturesque old houses to delight the eye of the artist, including the heavily-roofed and timbered cottages with lattice windows, known as Thomas à Becket's Cottages.

One can laze an idle hour away comfortably here, and let the imagination wander back leisurely to the Middle Ages undisturbed, the sleepy little village caring nothing for present-day life, bustle or conditions.

John Strype, the historian, who edited and enlarged Stowe's *Survey of London*, 1721, was for several years rector of Tarring; and a northerly footpath from the churchyard leads to Salvington, where, in 1584, was born John Selden, the illustrious scholar and jurist, whose learning "did not live in a lane, but traced all the latitude of arts and languages."

Selden's father was a wandering fiddler, or *minstrell* as the entry in the parish register has it. The

Tarring Church, from the meadows.

The Birthplace of John Selden, Salvington.

Entrance to the old Fig Gardens of Thomas à Becket's Palace, Tarring.

In Tarring Village.

cottage, Lacies, where he was born, still stands, and over the inner lintel is the motto :

> Gratus, honeste, mihi : no claudar : inito sedeque
> Fur abeas : no su facta soluta tibi.

which is said to have been composed and carved by Selden when only ten years of age. A free translation reads thus :

> Walk in and welcome, honest friend, repose.
> Thief, get thee hence, to thee I'll not unclose.

Evelyn, in his letter to Pepys, May 29, 1691, refers to Selden thus :

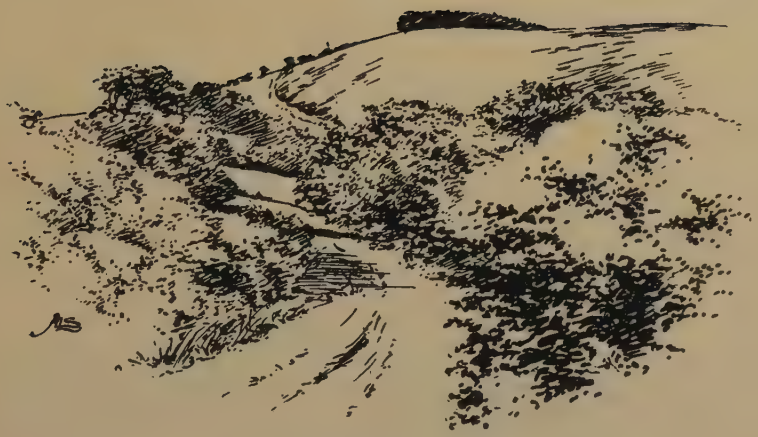
> I now mention Mr. Selden. There is a Fragment of that greate Antiquarie's Librarie at the Middle Temple ; but his Manuscripts and best collections were bequeath'd to the Bodleian at Oxford, to which both himself and especially Archbishop Laude were the most munificent Benefactors.

Chanctonbury and Cissbury, only a few miles from Worthing, are ancient earthworks of considerable interest to archæologists. The Cissbury encampment covers an area of some sixty acres. It is a wonderful and solitary stronghold of immense age overlook ing the valley folds of the downs. Our prehistoric ancestors mined in the chalk for flints which they fashioned into the Cissbury implements well known to collectors. The earthwork bank which encloses it was piled probably by a later race, for the bank passes over some of the disused mines.

The noble clump of trees on the summit of Chanctonbury Ring serve not only as a landmark, but testify eloquently to the magnetic influence, the sincere admiration, the genuine affection which the great Downs inspire in man. They were planted in 1760 by Charles Goring, of Weston, and "The Tramp," in his delightful booklet, *The South Downs*, recalls the simple but touching lines of Goring, who happily lived to see his trees grow up and adorn the brow of the hill he loved so well:

> How oft around thy Ring, sweet Hill,
> A Boy, I used to play,
> And form my plans to plant thy top
> On some auspicious day.
> With what delight I placed those twigs
> Beneath thy maiden sod,
> And then an almost hopeless wail
> Would creep within my breast,
> Oh, could I live to see thy top
> In all its beauty dress'd!
> That time's arrived: I've had my wish,
> And lived to eighty-five . . .

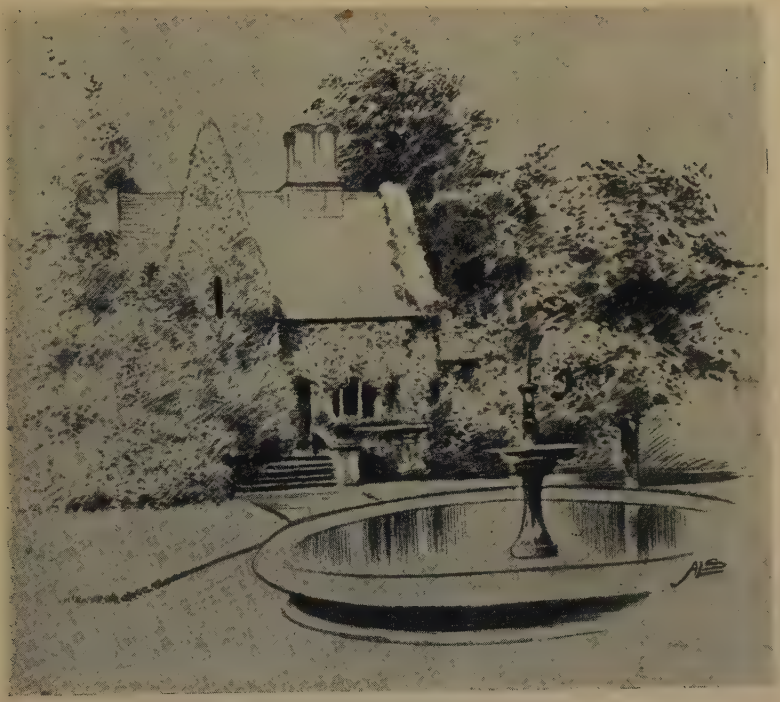
The direct road from Worthing to Chichester is through West Worthing, Goring and Angmering, and it is not only of varied scenery and interest, but a good road for cyclists or motorists. Goring Church, rebuilt in 1837 by David Lyon, of Goring Hall, contains an ancient holy-water stoup in the north porch from the earlier building. St. Richard, Bishop of Chichester, retired to live in this locality after banishment from his see by Henry III.



Chanctonbury Ring.

At Amberley.

The Village of Angmering.



Arundel. The Castle Dairy.

Arundel Castle.

Of Angmering church, rebuilt in 1852, some old portions, notably the chancel and tower (1507), are retained; and Angmering Park, to the north of the village, and belonging to the Duke of Norfolk, affords glimpses of splendid woodland scenery.

The Chichester road crosses the River Arun at Ford Junction, whence is obtained a very impressive view of Arundel Castle, some three miles north, rising majestically and predominantly among the fine trees of Arundel Park. Arundel Castle is of remote antiquity, although the walls seen by the passer-by are a recent rebuilding, and the site, as a stronghold, has been referred to early British times. After the battle of Hastings, the Conqueror bestowed the earldom of Arundel (formerly held by King Harold) upon Earl Roger de Montgomerie, who is mentioned in Domesday Book.

The Empress Maud visited Arundel Castle in 1139, landing at Littlehampton—which place is to-day a very popular resort, with a sandy beach greatly favoured by children. In 1586 Philip, Earl of Arundel, having prepared a vessel to convey him to the Continent and to avoid the heavy penalties levied against Catholics, was arrested whilst embarking at Littlehampton and imprisoned in the Tower of London. Sir William Waller laid siege to Arundel Castle in 1643.

From Arundel one can visit the villages on the

winding Arun, South Stoke and North Stoke, both with interesting old churches, and Amberley, with a castle, formerly a residence of the bishops of Chichester, and another interesting church, Norman and Early English, with a beautiful south doorway with naturalistic carvings. At Pulborough and Stopham two interesting old bridges cross the river. Pulborough was on the Stane Street, the Roman road that ran from Chichester to London, and among the Roman remains discovered in the neighbourhood were pigs of lead carrying inscriptions, one of which is at Parham. Pulborough has a fine church in a bold position and retains its ancient lych gate.

From Pulborough a light railway line serves some very delightful country, passing up the valley between the River Rother and the Downs, and carries the wanderer to visit Fittleworth, a pleasant village amid commons and woods.

Petworth lies about two miles north of the railway station in a very charming situation, close to Petworth House and its wide park.

The Manor was formerly in the possession of the Northumberland Percys, then passed into the hands of the Dukes of Somerset, and from them to the Wyndhams. The fine historical collection of portraits at Petworth House is open to the public twice a week. The little branch line bends round to

An ancient Stone Bridge at Pulborough

A fourteenth-century Bridge at Stopham, near Pulborough.

Chichester after passing Midhurst, another favourite Sussex town much visited in summer time; it is surrounded by beautiful country, park, common and woodland. Close to the town are the ruins of Cowdray, originally built in the lifetime of Henry VIII by the Earl of Southampton, afterwards coming by will to the first Viscount Montague, who added to the building; it was visited by Queen Elizabeth. The story of the curse that fell upon it, its destruction by fire, and the death of the last surviving heir has often been told.

The Park is extremely fine, and the villages in the neighbourhood are worth while the investigation of the intelligent rambler.

A branch of the London and South-Western Railway links Midhurst with the Portsmouth line at Petersfield. Harting village is close under the Downs, and was the home for many years of Anthony Trollope, the novelist. The church contains several unusual columns without capitals, probably of the thirteenth century. Columns of this type are found also in other Sussex churches, at Slindon, Rustington and Cold Waltham.

Cocking is a pleasant little village under the Downs between Midhurst and Chichester, and makes an excellent centre for rambles over the Down country. The little church, with a square tower, contains much Norman work and a handsome canopied tomb.

A favourite run from Worthing is to Storrington, about ten miles north-west, to which place there is a motor-service. Most charmingly situated, in the midst of exquisite downland scenery such as is only to be found in the heart of Sussex, the road passes through Findon, with its racing stables, where many famous horses have been trained.

During the past century, Storrington has altered very little in size. In 1820 its population was 900, while to-day it is only about 1,500, although there are signs of more rapid progress in the future, due to the development of motor-transport services. Storrington was the site of an early prehistoric camp, and (according to one local authority) in 1826 a British urn was found in a barrow on the downs close by. It measured 21 inches high, 6½ inches wide at the base, and 13 inches wide at the top. It was beautifully ornamented and in excellent preservation.

The parish church of St. Mary was built at the latter end of the fifteenth century ; but the registers commence in 1547. In 1731 the steeple, built of wood and shingle, was struck by lightning and destroyed ; in 1748 the tower collapsed along with the greater portion of the church, and practically the whole edifice had to be rebuilt. One of the largest monasteries in Sussex is situate at Storrington, viz., the Priory of Our Lady of England, opened in May,

Petworth. Associated with the Percy family.

Harting Village. Anthony Trollope, the novelist, lived here for many years.

1888, the foundation stone of whose church was laid in August, 1902, by the Roman Catholic Bishop of Southwark.

A particularly fine specimen of an early Jacobean stone-built mansion, with mullioned windows, oak-panelled rooms and Charles I oak staircase, is Storrington Abbey, perhaps the most interesting and picturesque building in the district.

I am informed by the late owner that, although this place was the vicarage for many years, he has no records of its ever having been an "Abbey," but thinks that very probably it was orginally connected with the Priory of Warninghurst as a secular house.

Bognor, like its near neighbour, Littlehampton, is a very popular resort, and now attracts a large concourse of visitors. During the summer children rejoice in its wide stretches of firm sand. Modern Bognor dates from its foundation in 1785 by Sir Richard Hotham, a wealthy Southwark hatter who defeated Henry Thrale as member for the borough. He became in time the proprietor of the site of the whole town, and he spent £60,000 on land and building before his death. At the adjoining village of Felpham, Hayley, the friend of poets and the biographer of Cowper, lived in a house still standing opposite the church. Hayley, when writing Cowper's life, induced William Blake, the mystical poet-artist, to come to Felp-

ham, where he lived three years. The associations of the neighbourhood have been pleasantly recorded in Mr. Arthur Henry Anderson's *Bognor and Its Neighbourhood.*

Upon entering the old Roman city of Chichester by either of its four straight streets, the visitor will at once be attracted by the beautiful Market Cross, completed late in the fifteenth century, and standing at the junction of the four roads. This delicious old stone landmark, erected by Bishop Story, has well weathered all storms, elemental and human, and defied time serenely; and though now black with age, is in excellent preservation and an ornament of which the city is justly proud. The figures originally filling the niches over each arch were removed during the Civil War; otherwise it is intact. Its clock was the gift of Dame Farringdon, in 1724; and a bronze bust of Charles I occupies a niche on the east side.

From the purely architectural view, however, Chichester's principal attraction is, of course, its twelfth-century cathedral. Bishop Ralph's first cathedral was destroyed by fire in 1114, but he erected the present building soon afterwards, though, dying in 1123, he did not see its completion. Much alteration and restoration has followed. On February 21st, 1861, during a severe gale, the spire collapsed, a calamity attributed to defects in the Norman piers.

Storrington Abbey.

On Selsey Sands.

The present spire was completed in 1866, is 280 feet high, and on a smaller scale resembles that of Salisbury Cathedral.

Conspicuous among the monuments of this edifice are some exquisite tablets by Flaxman. One, in memory of Collins, the Chichester poet, contains Hayley's devout and appropriate lines :

> Who joined pure faith to strong poetic powers,
> Who, in reviving reason's lucid hours,
> Sought on one book his troubled mind to rest,
> And rightly deemed the Book of God the best.

Dr. Johnson, in his biography of Collins, records that the poet, nearing his end, withdrew from study, retaining no other book but the Testament.

No visitor to Chichester should fail to seek out the old church of the Franciscans off St. Martin's Street, known as St. Mary's Hospital or almshouse. The sides of the nave are partitioned off into the tiny homes of the inmates, the chimneys rising high to pierce the roof, which dips to within six feet of the ground. At the far end is a beautiful Decorated chapel with sedilia and piscina and stalls retaining misericordes. It was founded as an almshouse in 1562, and its arrangement, though common in mediæval days, is now, it is believed, unique.

Mosaic pavements, coins, etc., have frequently been found in this quiet old town. In the churchyard of St. Andrew's, East Street, coffins are laid on a

tessellated floor; and on the restoration of the church of St. Olave, in North Street, the walls were seen to be full of Roman tiles. A tessellated pavement was, in 1866, discovered in the cathedral, and other interesting remains were found in East Street a few years later.

Another building of marked interest is the old Guildhall, in the Priory Park, at the end of North Street, which was formerly the chapel of the Grey Friars. Some fine old houses in South Street (where is also the Museum) are attributed to Wren.

Chichester Cathedral and its detached Bell Tower.

Fishbourne Church.

JOHN SPEED
AND HIS MAP OF SUSSEX

BY

PRESCOTT ROW

John Speed and his Map of Sussex.

THE old maps of the counties of Great Britain are now prized by many collectors who are fascinated by the charm of the fine lettering and quaint devices, as by the curiosities of topography that they often show, and as the Sussex map is becoming one of the scarcest that appeared in Speed's noble Atlas, *The Theatre of the Empire of Great Britaine*, I have thought it would be well to reproduce it.

The first engraved maps of the counties of Great Britain were the work of Christopher Saxton, a Yorkshireman, who, under the authority of the Privy Council, surveyed the English counties in Elizabeth's time, from 1574 to 1578. Perfect copies of his atlas are now very scarce and valuable, although odd maps are occasionally to be met with; the Sussex map, on a small scale, and on the same plate with Middlesex, Kent and Surrey, seems to be particularly scarce.

In 1593 he was followed by John Norden, who projected an ambitious scheme for a complete series of county histories. He published before his death,

Middlesex, issued in quarto in 1593, Hertfordshire, in 1598, and he also finished three other counties—Essex (1594), the MS. of which is at Hatfield *; Northampton, completed in 1610, but not published until 1720; and Cornwall, probably visited as early as 1584, but not published until 1728. A friend has a print of his map of Surrey, and a description of this county with that of Kent and Sussex are said to exist, but their whereabouts are unknown.

In the year 1552 John Speed was born, and entered upon, and completed the labours of Saxton and Norden. His maps—a beautiful and interesting series comprising the whole of England, Wales and Ireland—were first issued in 1611. Speed was born at Farringdon, or Farndon in Cheshire. His father was a member of the Merchant Taylors' Company, and the map-maker followed the father's trade. He married in 1582 and settled in Moorfields, in a tenement leased to him by the Company, he afterwards built a "fayre House" upon the site, and obtained in 1614 the beneficial lease of a prebendal estate, through the favour of his patron, Sir Fulk Greville, first Lord Brooke. In his description of Warwickshire, he writes of him as follows:

> whose merits to mee-ward I do acknowledge in setting this hand free from the daily employment of a manuall trade, and giving it his liberty thus to express the inclination of my mind, himself being the procurer of my present estate.

* *Essex* was published by the Camden Society in 1840.

John Speed did a great work for his country ; for not only did he produce his fine atlas, but was the first English historian—as distinguished from the annalist and chronicler. *The Historie of Great Britaine from Julius Caesar to our most gracious sovereign King James* was incomparably more complete than all the works of his predecessors, and has a spirited contemporary account of the Invasion of the Armada and events of Elizabeth's reign.

Speed was a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, and a worker with Camden, Cotton and other contemporary scholars. The *Theatre* and the *Historie* were very popular, and were reprinted again and again in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

Speed died on July 28th, 1629, aged 77, and is buried in the church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, where a monument with a bust of the old man will be found, high up on the south wall of the nave. He lies in the good company of Milton and John Foxe in the city that he loved.

" Master Josias Shute preached his funeral sermon," says Fuller, " and thus we take our leave of Father Speed truly answering his name in both the acceptances thereof, for celerity and success."

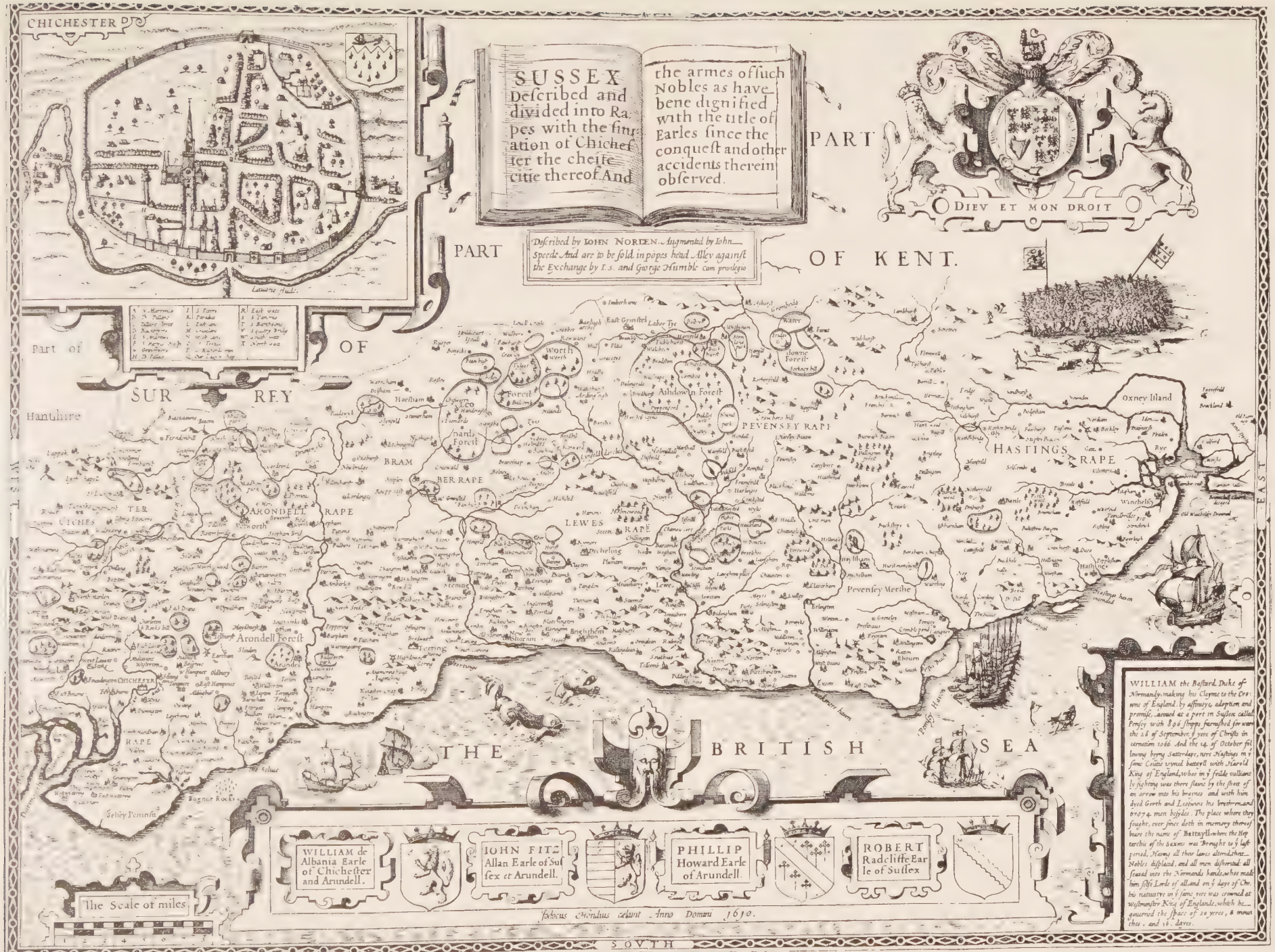
The reproduction of the map of Sussex is taken from a fine print of the first edition of 1611 ; the map itself is dated 1610. It was based, like those of Surrey

and Middlesex, on Norden's map, and was engraved by Jodocus Hondius, the son of a Flemish engraver who took refuge in England. It occupies pages nine and ten of *The Theatre of the Empire of Great Britaine*, and shows an interesting plan of Chichester. Under the Royal Arms is a spirited representation of the Battle of Hastings, and the little fleet of the Cinque Ports is lined up in Pevensey Bay. The size of the map is 20¼ in. by 15¼ in., and it formed the basis of the maps that followed it for about a hundred years.

Many of the Public Libraries of Sussex have examples of the old maps of the county, and an excellent collection is available to the student at the libraries of Worthing and Brighton. A very useful survey and description of the printed maps of Sussex, from that of Christopher Saxton, to the end of the eighteenth century, has been written by Miss Ethel Gerard and was printed in *The Library*, No. 23, July, 1915.

I have thought it well to print with Speed's map his description of the County with the list of the three hundred and twelve parishes, as an interesting record of the spelling of place-names at that date.

PRESCOTT ROW.


CHICHESTER
SUSSEX Described and divided into Rapes with the situation of Chichester the cheife citie thereof. And the armes of such Nobles as have bene dignified with the title of Earles since the conquest and other accidents therein observed.
PART
DIEV ET MON DROIT
Described by IOHN NORDEN. Augmented by Iohn Speede. And are to be sold in popes head Alley against the Exchange by I.S. and George Humble cum privilegio
PART
OF KENT.
Part of
SUR REY
OF
Hantshire
WILT SHIRE
BRAM BER RAPE
ARUNDELL RAPE
CHICHES TER
LEWES RAPE
PEVENSEY RAPE
HASTINGS RAPE
Ashdown Forest
Worth Forest
Arundell Forest
Pevensey Merihe
Oxney Iland
THE BRITISH SEA
WILLIAM de Albania Earle of Chichester and Arundell.
IOHN FITZ Allan Earle of Sussex et Arundell.
PHILLIP Howard Earle of Arundell.
ROBERT Radcliffe Earle of Sussex
The Scale of miles
SOUTH
WILLIAM the Bastard Duke of Normandy, making his Clayme to the Crowne of England, by affinitye, adoption and promise, arrived at a port in Sussex called Pensey with 896 Shippes furnished for warre the 28 of September, 1066 yeare of Christs incarnation. And the 14. of October following being Saterdaye, nere Hastings in the same Countie vanned battell with Harold King of England, whose in the fielde valliantly fighting was there slaine by the stroke of an arrowe into his braynes and with him dyed Gurth and Leofwine his brethren and 67074. men besides. The place where they fought, ever since doth in memory thereof beare the name of Battayll, where the Heptarchie of the Saxons was brought to the last period, Harold all their lawes altered, their Nobles displaced, and all men dishonored: all passed into the Normands hands, who made him selfe Lorde of all, and on the 25 daye of December his nativitye in the same yere was crowned at Westminster King of England, which he... governed the space of 20 yeres, 8 moneths, and 16. Dayes.

The Map of Sussex. By John Speed.

[From *The Theatre of the Empire of Great Britaine*, 1611.

JOHN SPEED'S DESCRIPTION OF THE COUNTY OF SUSSEX WITH LIST OF PARISHES

Sussex.

SUTHSEX, a word compounded of the ſite thereof Southward; and of the *Saxons*, whoſe Kingdome was the ſecond in their *Heptarchie* written by them Suxorex, and by us *Suſſex* lieth ſtretched along the *Britiſh Seas*. The North confronts upon Surrey and Kent, and the Weſt vpon Hampſhire. The Name of *Suſſex*.

(2). For forme it lieth long and narrowe, ſo that all her Rapes do runne quite through the Shire, and conteyneth from Weſtharting in the Weſt, to Kent Ditch that divides it from *Kent* in the Eaſt ſixty foure miles, but in the broadeſt part little above twenty, the whole in circumference, about one hundred fifty eight miles. The forme, length and bredth.

(3). The Aire is good, though ſomewhat clouded with miſts, which ariſe forth of her South-bordering Sea, who is very prodigall unto her for Fiſh and Sea-fowle, though as ſparing for Harbours or Ships arrivage, and thoſe which ſhe hath, as uncertaine for continuance as dangerous for entrance. The aire.

The ſoile.

(4). Rich is the Soile and yeeldeth great plenty of all things neceſſary, but very ill for travellers, eſpecially in the winter, the Land lying low and the wayes very deep, whoſe midde tract is garniſhed with meadows, paſtures, and Corn-fields: the Sea-Coaſt with Hilles which are called the *Downes*, abundantly yeelding both *Graine* and *Graſſe*, and the North ſide overſhadowed with pleaſant Groues and thicke woods, where ſometimes ſtood the famous wood *Andradſwald*, containing no leſſe than an hundred and twentie miles in length, and thirtie in bredth, taking the name of *Anderida* a Citie adioining: both which were wonne from the *Britaines* by *Ella* the firſt *Saxon* King of this Province, and the place made fatall to *Sigebert* King of the *Weſt-Saxons*, who being depoſed from his Royall Throne, was met in this Wood by a Swineheard, and ſlain in revenge of his Lord, whom *Sigebert* had murdered.

An. Do. 478

The ancient Inhabitants of *Suſſex*.

(5). The ancient people in the *Romans* time were the *Regni*, of whom wee have ſpoken, and who were ſubdued by *Veſpaſian* the Leader of the Second Legion under *Aulus Plautius* Lieutenant in *Britaine* for *Claudius* the Emperour. But after the departure of the *Romans*, this with *Surrey* was made the *South-Saxons* Kingdome: yet that giuing place to the *Weſt-*

Saxons as they in time to the *Normans*, it became a *Prouince* under the conquerours pover, who gaue to his followers much Land in theſe parts.

Suſſex ſubdued to the *Romans*.

(6). The place of moſt account in this Shire is *Chicheſter*, by the *Britaines* called *Caercei*, and by the *Saxons* Cirran-Cearden, a Citie beautifull and large, and very well walled about, firſt built by *Ciſſa* the ſecond King of the *South-Saxons*, wherein his Royall Palace was kept. And when *King William* the firſt had enacted that *Biſſhop Seas* ſhould bee tranſlated out of ſmall Townes unto places of greater reſort, the Reſidence of the Biſhop (untill then held at *Selſey*) was remooued to this Citie, where *Biſhop Raulfe* beganne a moſt goodly Cathedrall Church: but before it was fully finiſhed, by a ſudden miſchance of fire was quite conſumed. Yet the ſame Biſhop, with the helping liberalitie of King *Henry* the Firſt, began it againe, and ſaw it wholly finiſhed; whoſe beauty and greatneſſe her fatall enemie ſtill enuying, againe caſt downe in the daies of King *Richard* the Firſt, and by her raging flames conſumed the buildings both of it and the Biſhops Palace adjoining, which *Seffrid* the ſecond Biſhop of that name reedified and built anew. And now to augment the honour of

Chiefe places in *Suſſex*. *Chicheſter*.

this place, the Citie hath borne the Title of an *Earledome* whereof they of *Arundell* were ſometimes ſo ſtiled. Whoſe Graduation for Latitude; is remooued from the Equator unto the degree fiftie fiftie fiue minutes; and for Longitude, obſerving the ſame point in the Weſt, whence Mercator hath meaſured, are twentie degrees.

Lewes.

(7). With whom for frequencie, bigneſſe, and building, the Towne *Lewes* ſeemeth to contend where King *Athelſtan* appointed the mintage of his Moneyes, and *William de Warron* built a ſtrong Caſtle, wherunto the diſloyall *Barons* of King *Henry* the third in warlike manner reſorted; and fought a great Battle againſt their owne Soueraigne and his ſonne, wherein the King had his horſe ſlaine under him, *Richard* King of the *Romans* ſurprized and taken in a Wind-mill, and Prince *Edward* delivered unto them upon unequall conditions of peace. But a greater Battle was fought at *Battle*, when the hazard of *England* was tried in one daies fight, and *Harold* the King gaue place to his *Conqueror* by loſing his life, among ſixty ſeven thouſand, nine hundred ſeventy foure Engliſh-men beſides; whoſe bloud ſo ſpilt, gave name to the place in *French*, *Sanguelac*. And the ſoile naturally after raine becomming

Anno Dom. 1263.

A battle at *Lewes*. *Battle*.

of a reddiſh colour, cauſed *William of Newbery* untruly to write, *That if there fell any ſmall ſweet ſhowers in the place where ſo great a ſlaughter of the Engliſhmen was made, preſently ſweateth forth very freſh bloud out of the earth, as if the evidence thereof did plainly declare the voice of bloud there ſhed, and cried ſtill from the earth unto the Lord.* *Wil. Newbery*

(8). But places of other note in this Shire are theſe: From *Baſham*, Earle *Harold* taking the ſea for his delight, in a ſmall boat was driuen upon the Coaſt of *Normandie*, where by *Duke William* he was retained, till hee had ſworne to make him King after *Edward Confeſſours* death; which oath being broken, the *Baſtard* arriued at *Penſey*, and with his ſword revenged that *Perjurie*. At *Weſt-Wittering* alſo *Ella* the *Saxon* before him had landed for the conquering of thoſe parts, and gaue name to the ſhore from *Cimon* his ſon. But with greater glory doth *Gromebridge* raiſe up her head, where *Charles* Duke of *Orleaunce*, father to *Lewes* the Twelfth, King of *France*, taken priſoner at *Agincourt*, was there a long time detained. *Baſham* *Penſey.* *Cimonſhore.* *Gromebridge.*

(9). The Commodities of this Prouince are many and divers, both in *Corne*, *Cattle*, *Woods*, *Iron* and *Glaſſe*, which two laſt, as they bring great gaine to their Poſſeſſors, ſo doe they Commodities.

impouerifh the County of Woods; whofe want will be found in ages to come, if not in this preſent in ſome ſort felt.

Religious houſes built and ſuppreſſed.

(10). Great haue beene the devotions of religious Perſons in building and conſecrating many houſes unto the uſe and onely ſervice of Chriſt; whoſe Beadmen abuſing the intents of their Founders hath cauſed thoſe Foundations to lament their owne Ruines: for in the tempeſtuous time of King Henry the eight Eighteen of them in this County were blown down, whoſe fruit fell into the lappes of ſome that never ment to reſtore them againe to the like uſe.

The Shires diviſion.

This County is principally divided into Six Rapes, every of them containing a River, a Caſtle and Foreſt in themſelves, beſides the Several Hundreds wherunto they are parted, that is, the Rape of *Chicheſter* into ſeuen, of *Arundell* into fiue, of *Bramber* into tenne, of *Lewes* into thirteen, of *Pevenſey* into ſeventeen, and of *Haſtings* into thirteen, in all, fifty ſixe, wherein are feated tenne Castles, eighteen market-Towns, and three hundred and twelve Pariſh-Churches, as in the Table following appeareth.

Hundreds and Rapes in Sussex.

Chichester Rape.
- *Weſtborne hund.*
- *Eaſtborne hund.*
- *Dumpford hund.*
- *Boſham hund.*
- *Manhood hund.*
- *Box and Stockbridge hund.*
- *Alſweek hund.*

Arundell Rape
- *Weſt Aſwrieth hund.*
- *Rotherbridge hund.*
- *Poling hund.*
- *Auysford hund.*
- *Bury hund.*

Bramber Rape
- *Weſtgrenſtead hund.*
- *Stening hund.*
- *Brightford hund.*
- *Eaſteawrith hund.*
- *Burbeech hund.*
- *Terring hund.*
- *Fiſhergate hund.*
- *Tiphoke hund.*
- *Windeham hund.*
- *Shinglecroſſe hund.*

Lewes Rape
- *Barkham and Hamſey hund.*
- *Swanborow hund.*
- *Holmeſtrough hund.*
- *Yeoneſmare hund.*
- *Whalesbone hund.*
- *Hooneſpreſton hund.*
- *Fiſhergate hund.*
- *Poonings hund.*
- *Buttinghill North hund.*
- *Buttinghill ſouth hund*
- *Wyneham hund.*
- *Streat North part.*
- *Streat South part.*

Pevenſey Rape
- *Eaſtgrinſted hund.*
- *Hartfield hund.*
- *Rotherfield hund.*
- *Loxfield Kings hund.*
- *Linfield and Buclie hund*
- *Ringemer hund.*
- *Iſfield hund.*
- *Ruſhmonden hund.*

Pevenſey Rape
- *Danehil Horſted hund.*
- *Danehill Sheffeild hund.*
- *Sheplake hund.*
- *Dill hund.*
- *Longbridge hund.*
- *Willington hund.*
- *Eaſtboorne hund.*
- *Alfiſton hund.*
- *Flexborrow hund.*

Haſtings Rape
- *Foxeall hund.*
- *Battell hund.*
- *Shewſwell hund.*
- *Goldeſpure hund.*
- *Staple hund.*
- *Hawkſborough hund.*
- *Netherſfield hund.*
- *Boxhill hund.*
- *Balſloe hund.*
- *Geſtling hund.*
- *Goſtrowe hund.*
- *Newwill hund.*
- *Henburſt hund.*

A

Adrington. *Arund.*
Alberton. *Bramb.*
Alborne. *Bramb.*
Adingborone. *Cich.*
Adrington. *Lewes.*
Almanington. *Chic.*
Aldfriſtan. *Peven.*
Alfiſton. *Peven.*
Amberlie. *Arund.*
Amerſham. *Chich.*
Angleton. *Lewes.*
Angmering weſt. *Ar.*
Angmering eaſt. *Ar.*
Angton. *Arund.*
Anſtye. *Lewes.*
Appledrum. *Chich.*
Apſley. *Bramb.*
Ardingleigh. *Lewes.*
Arundell foreſt. *Arund.*
ARUNDEL. *Arun.*

Arundell. *Flu.*
Aſhburnham. *Haſt.*
Aſhefould. Arund.
Aſhurſt. Bramb.
Aſſington. Bramb.
Aylworth. Chich.

B

Badworth Parke } Arund.
Balcombe. Lewes.
Baleſdeane. Lewes.
Balteſtow Beacon } Haſt.
Barcombe. Lewes.
Barlavington. Ar.
Barlugh Arches } Lewes.
Barnham. Arund.
BATTLE. Haſt.
Baylies Court } Arund.
The Beach. Peven.
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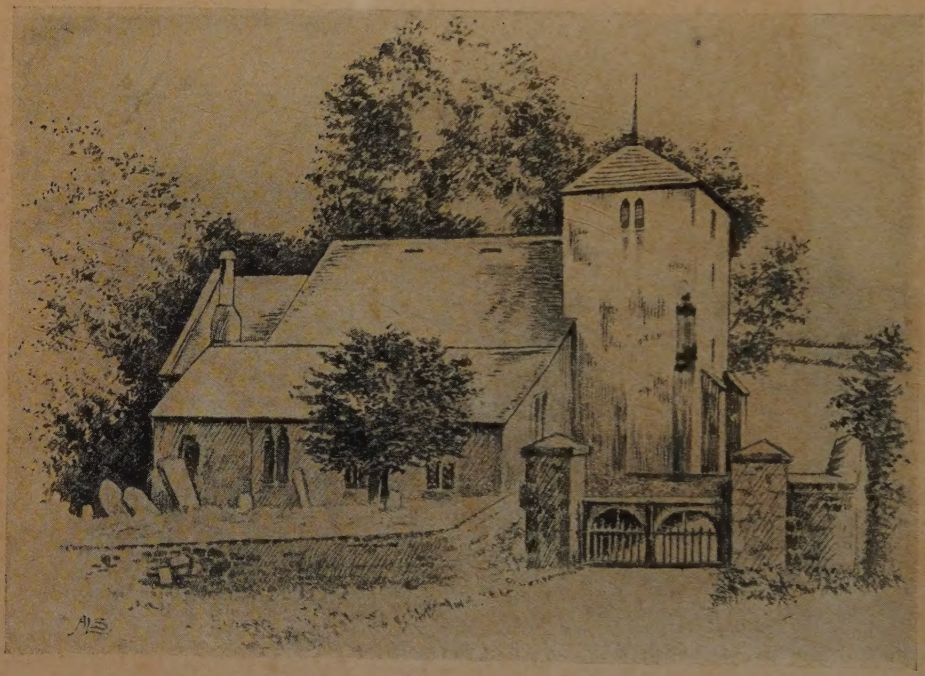

Cocking Church.

The Church at Midhurst.